Journal of Humanistic Mathematics

Volume 9 | Issue 1 January 2019

Geometry of Night

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Recommended Citation

Jenny Patton, "Geometry of Night," Journal of Humanistic Mathematics, Volume 9 Issue 1 (January 2019), pages 365-365. DOI: 10.5642/jhummath.201901.24. Available at: https://scholarship.claremont.edu/jhm/ vol9/iss1/24

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Geometry of Night

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In three-dimensional Euclidean space, lines in a plane that do not meet are parallel.

My beautiful aunt loved to sleep, blogs my insomniac cousin about my mother who went to her parallel life every night.

Those studying Playfair's axiom note the constant distance between parallel lines.

I try to imagine Mom's parallel life, her dream world in which Dad, Joey and me, our life together, never touches her.

Evidence lies in affine transformations, maps preserving the parallel alignment.

I picture Santa Monica, sunflowers of Arles, Japanese gardens, but those we experienced together, places where we were congruent.

Skew lines are neither parallel nor collide, yet parallel lines share a common plane.

Now that she's gone, maybe she lives this other life I struggle to envision. Or perhaps the line of infinity offers closure, intersection.